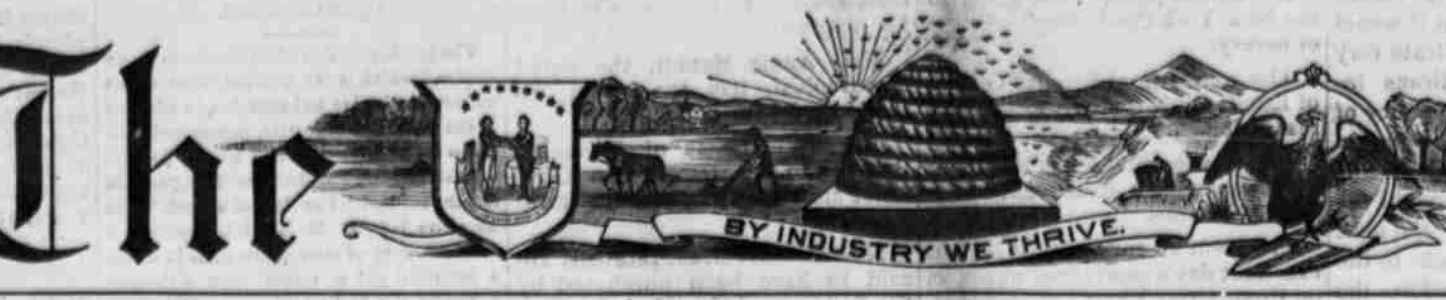


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THIRD YEAR.

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1892.

NO. 51.

The Bee.

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T. W. P. AGT., Div. Pass & Tkt. Agt.,
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Marks registered, and all other patent
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J. R. LITTLE,
Solicitor and Attorney and Patent Cases
Washington, D. C.
Opposite U. S. Patent Office.
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pages of the highest of quality publications,
and the most valuable for the most vigorous
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patent, and for attending to all business connected
with my care, in the shortest possible time. Rejected
cases, and references sent without charge upon receipt.

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Sold in Earlington and by first-class druggists
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Church Directory.

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CONCEPTION.

First mass, 8:00 a. m.; second mass and sermon,
10:30 a. m. Rosary instruction and benediction at
7:30 p. m. every Sunday. A. M. Condon, pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Services regularly held, morning and evening,
every Sunday in each month. Prayer meeting
Thursday night.

MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services second Saturday evening and Sunday
each month. Prayer meeting, Monday night. J.
S. Cheek, pastor.

M. E. CHURCH.

Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock,
and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30
a. m. W. W. Dawsey, pastor.

ZION A. M. E. CHURCH.

Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock,
and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30
a. m. W. W. Dawsey, pastor.

MT. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sun-
day school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Foster, pastor.

Madisonville.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Preaching every first and third Sunday, morning
and evening by T. N. Conpton. Prayer-meeting
Wednesday evening. Sunday-school every Sun-
day morning at 9:15.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Preaching every second and fourth Lord's day,
morning and evening, by Elder F. Hall. Prayer-
meeting on Wednesday evening. Sunday-school
every Sunday morning at 9:15.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

Preaching every first and fourth Lord's day,
morning and evening, by P. A. Lyon. Prayer-
meeting Thursday evening. Sunday-school every
Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Preaching every second and third Lord's day,
morning and evening, by P. A. Lyon. Prayer-
meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school at
9:15 a. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:15.
Preaching every third Sunday afternoon at 4
o'clock by J. S. Cox, of the M. E. church.

Edgemoor Directory.

R. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 54, F. & A. M.

Stated meetings the first and
third Saturdays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
Transient brethren cordially invited to attend.
CHAS. COWELL, Secretary.
HENRY C. BUCKLAND, W. M.

C. H. HUNT, Secretary.

HOFFMAN LODGE, No. 20, I. O. O. F. Regu-
lar meeting of members every Wednesday eve-
ning at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brethren espe-
cially invited. Wm. E. Jones, J. E. Day, C. T.

VICTORIA LODGE, No. 84, KNIGHTS OF
PYTHIAS, meets every Tuesday night in the
Masonic building. All members of the order are
cordially invited to attend. JESSE PHILLIPS, C. C.

THOS. D. HARRIS, C. of R. and S.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 61, A. O. U. W. meets
every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m.
Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
T. G. TERRY, Recorder. W. H. HUFF, W. M.

Musical Organizations.

THE ST. BERNARD CORNET BAND meets at
the Masonic Hall every Tuesday and Friday night,
beginning at 8 o'clock. Manager, M. E. Jones.
Audience invited to attend. Dan M. Evans,
Director of Band and Hall.

Official Directory.

State.

Governor—John Young Brown.
Lieutenant Governor—Milton C. Allford.
Secretary of State—John W. Hendley.
Assistant Secretary of State—Edward O. Leigh.
Private Secretary to Governor—Arch D. Brown.
Attorney General—W. J. Hendricks.
Auditor—L. C. Pryor.
Treasurer—H. S. Hale.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—Ed. Porter.
Register Land Office—Green B. Swango.
Insurance Commissioner—Henry F. Duncan.
Deputy Commissioner—W. T. Thomas.
Adjutant General—J. J. Gross.
Assistant Adjutant General—F. B. Richardson.
Supt. Arsenal—Capt. David O'Connor.
Inspector Public Trusts—W. J. Mares.
Commissioner of Agriculture—Nich. McDowell.
Court of Appeals—Chief Justice, W. H. Holt.
Judges, W. H. Holt, Chief Justice, W. H. Holt.
Librarian—Mrs. Mary Brown Day.
Public Printer and Binder—R. P. Johnson.
State Geologist—John K. Proctor.
Inspector of Mines—C. J. Norwood.
Railroad Commissioner—J. A. Spalding, W. B.
Fleming, G. M. Adams.

County.

Judge of Circuit Court—John R. Grace.
Commonwealth's Attorney—J. B. Garrett.
Circuit Court Clerk—John Christy.
Judge of County Court—J. F. Dempsey.
County Attorney—J. C. Waddill.
County Clerk—W. H. Arnold.
Sheriff—R. C. Tapp.
Auditor—David Brown.
Superintendent of Schools—J. J. Glen.
Coroner—L. D. H. Rodgers.

Magistrates.

Circuit District—L. P. Bailey, E. C. Almon.
Court House District—D. Stoddard, T. R. Card-
well.
Hanson District—J. W. Simons, J. W. Jones.
Sutton District—H. C. Fetter, A. K. Keen.
Charleston District—J. C. Lovell, J. R. Franklin.
Dallas District—John H. Humes, W. C. Kirk-
wood.
Ashbyburg District—J. H. Hanson, W. L. Davis.
Kitchen District—H. F. Rowland, J. H. Jones.
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Without Change!
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SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE
From St. Louis, Evansville,
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North, East, South and West,
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Seeking homes on the fine of this
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Louisville, Kentucky.

NEUBUCHADNEZZAR.

You Neubuchadnezzar, woe, woe, woe!
What is you tryin' to go, woe?
I'd hab you to know, woe,
I's a-holdin' ob de lines.
You better stop dat prancin',
You'll bet my fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my year's advance!
Dat I'll care you ob your shines.

Look heah, mule! You better min' out—
Fust ting you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll war dis line out
On your ugly, stubbin' back.
You needn' try to steal up,
You got to plow dis fiel' up,
You has, sir, for a fac'.

Dar, dat's de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it!
Jes' watch him plowin' 't'roo it!
Dis nigger ain't no fool!
Some folks dey would heat him—
Now dat dey would only heat him—
I know jes' how to treat him:
You mus' reason wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger,
If he was only bigger,
He'd futch a mighty figger,
He would, I tell you! Yes, sah.
He's got he keeps a clickin'!
He's as gentle as a chicken,
An' neber thins of kickin'—
Whoa, dar, Neubuchadnezzar!

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debil got me?
Was dat a cannon ball shot me?
Hab I laid here morn a week?
Dat mule was spile in raisin'!
But now I 'spect he's grain'!
On de oder side de creek.
—Irving Russell, in Scribner's.

COCKSURE JONES.

A Humorous Tale.

BY HAROLD E. GORST.

Chancing to call on Cocksure
Jones one morning, I found him
seated by the fire, apparently ab-
sorbed in contemplation over a pair
of boots.

Greeting me with an air of ab-
straction and motioning me to a
chair, Jones once more fell into a
kind of reverie.

For a considerable time he gazed
thoughtfully at the lower portion,
from heel to toe, his features some-
times wearing a perplexed look,
and then relaxing into a smile of
satisfaction. Presently he turned
to investigate the upper half of the
boots, and then the smile died away
and gradually gave place to an ex-
pression of the deepest pathos and
melancholy.

Then he roused himself suddenly,
kicked the boots aside in triumph,
lit the forgotten pipe, and, leaning
forward with an air of suppressed
excitement, said, with deep earnest-
ness:

"What are your impressions,
Thompson, of the owner of those
boots?"

"My dear Jones," I remonstrated,
"how could a dirty old pair of boots
convey anything beyond an unsav-
ory odor to one's nostrils?"

"Those boots," said Jones, im-
pressively, "are the archives of a
complete human career. They sig-
nify the mind, the pursuits, and the
aspirations, the passions, and the
moral and physical development of
an individual. They point out with
unfailing accuracy his habits, his
feelings, his designs. They—

"Stop!" I cried, "for heaven's
sake! Your statements are too
grotesque, too impossible!"

"The man who wore those boots,"
continued Jones, gravely, "once
saw better days, and most probably
led an elegant and luxurious life,
but is now in reduced circum-
stances. That fact is easily traced.
The boots were made ten years ago
of the most expensive leather, and
beautifully hand-sewn; they bear
the name and address of a then
fashionable firm in Broadway
stamped inside. Some time ago
their owner had the misfortune to
be knocked down by a bicycle and
injure his right leg.

"How can you possibly know
that?" I exclaimed.

"Nothing could be more simple,"
returned Jones, in a matter-of-fact
voice; "there is an indentation on the
too-cap of the right boot, which
even an untrained eye could not fail
to recognize as having been
caused by one of the new 'Patent
Inexpressible' bicycles. The sole
of the left boot is considerably
more worn than the right one, and
likewise its heel is more trodden
down, from which I deduce the
fact that the man limped with
his right leg in consequence of the
injury it had suffered.

"He is a big, broad-shouldered,
athletic man, of an interfering and
pugnacious disposition, the natural
outcome of a violent and uncontroll-
lable temper; he frequents bar-
rooms and music halls and visits
which often results in rows and per-
sonal violence, in which he plays
no considerable part.

"My dear Jones!
Don't alarm yourself! I am per-

fectly sane. All I have said might
be discovered by any logical and
reasoning mind. Look at the boots
yourself, and deny it if you can,
that they belong to a big, burly
man. Observe the cracks in the
sole of the left boot, and the dents
on the heads of the nails which fasten
the heel to it; that comes from
stamping the foot violently in a
paroxysm of rage. A big man
with a temper is always foremost
in a row. Look here and here,"
continued Jones, enthusiastically,
"remark the battered condition of
the toe-cap; that comes from apply-
ing it effectively to a fellow-creat-
ure, and where are quarrelsome
fellow-creatures to be found better
than in a music hall or at the bar
of a gin-palace?"

"Your inferences certainly seem
logical and sound," I remarked taken
aback at the astounding sharpness
and penetration displayed by Cock-
sure Jones.

"That man," continued he, with
a ring of pathos in his voice, as he
gazed almost tenderly at the boot-
tops, "is a widower. He lost his
wife some months ago. She died,
poor thing, of consumption.

I could not restrain an exclaima-
tion of involuntary admiration for
my friend's genius.

"When you learn by what simple
indications I take in those facts,"
said Jones, smiling sadly, "you
will no longer wonder at what you
call my extraordinary sagacity.

"These boots are minus three or
four buttons. The ones still re-
maining have not been sewn on by a
shoemaker; no one in the trade
would use common black thread.
Who but a wife would sew buttons
on a man's boots? For some time
three or four buttons have been
missing; the wife is no longer there
to replace them. Those we now
see have been sewn on, as I can
point out to you, during the course
of a long illness.

"Take this button. The sewing
is vigorous, regular, and well fin-
ished off. Examine the next one.
The stitches are irregular and often
wide of the mark; the finishing off
is feeble and inadequate. In but-
tons of a still later period the var-
iety of style and the fecundity of
cotton-ends give plain indications
of a number of rests having been
taken while sewing them on.

"A normally developed brain
can connect these phenomena with
the ultimate cessation of button-
replenishment and infer—with me,
the progress and fatal conclusion
of a ravaging and incurable disease.

Jones paused; the usual phleg-
matic and collected thinker was
deeply moved by the recital of this
touching theory, and, leaning, his
head on his hands, he remained
for sometime silent and unap-
proachable.

"There is a little more to tell,"
he said at last, raising his head and
looking at me with eyes which bore
traces of emotion; "he slept in a
common lodging-house one night,
and woke to find that his boots had
been stolen from him.

A skeptical look on my face in-
terrupted Jones' train of thought,
and he paused to explain.

"I saw these boots," said he,
"exposed at a second-hand store
off the Bowery. Their individual-
ity struck me at once, and I went
in and purchased them for the pur-
pose of study. A casual inquiry
elicited the fact that a thin, wiz-
en, under-sized old man had taken
them some days previously, and
had sold them to a second-hand
dealer for a trifling amount. It is
clear from the description of the
old man that they were not his,
and you may be sure that he ac-
quired them in the manner I have
suggested.

So saying, Jones walked over to
the window, and throwing it open,
leaned out to indulge in his favorite
occupation of watching the passers-
by on the street below.

A sudden exclamation from him
brought me to his side.

"Do you see that tall, broad-
shouldered man fifty yards down
the street, walking toward us?" he
cried excitedly. "That is the
owner of the button boots; I recog-
nize him at a glance!"

"Impossible, Jones!" I ejaculated,
fearing what he might do next.
"No man in his senses could pre-
tend to know another through hav-
ing seen his boots.

But before I could prevent him
Cocksure Jones hailed the stranger,
and begged him to wait a few mo-
ments, whilst he ran down to speak
to him. The stranger complied
with this request, and in a short
time, to my horror, Jones returned,
followed by the stranger.

The man seemed by no means
reluctant to accept of the hospital-
ity offered him, and was soon seated
comfortably before the fire with a
cigar in his mouth and a steam-
ing glass of hot punch at his elbow.

Cocksure Jones was again absorb-
ed in staring at the boots, and the
stranger looked down to see what
object attracted so much of his
host's attention.

When his eyes fell upon the
boots he started up with an exclaima-
tion of surprise.

"Where in the devil did you get
those boots?" he demanded of
Jones, in a thick alcoholic voice.

Jones mildly remarked that he
had purchased them a long time
ago at a shop in Broadway, and was
proceeding to expatiate on the
beauty of the leather and its excel-
lent wear, when he received a sud-
den and unexpected blow on the
nose from the stranger, who by this
time had disembarrassed himself of
his coat and waistcoat, tucked up
his sleeves and seemed in a pretty
passion. Gazing savagely at Jones,
he roared:

"So it was you who stole my
boots from Barnes' Lodging House,
you—"

His language was shocking, and
I went for a constable, whilst he
went for Jones.

He had a terrible job to part
him from Cocksure Jones, and he
succeeded in smashing the most of
the furniture before he could get
him out of the place.

I congratulated Jones afterwards
on his his extraordinary powers of
induction, but he changed the sub-
ject, and has since contented him-
self with studying wearing apparel
without proving the ownership as
well.

The Physiology of Tears.

Fear, grief and joy, to say noth-
ing of pathos and anger, bring
tears to the eyes. They are said
to come from the heart; and this is
true, for no one ever reasoned him-
self into weeping without a first
appeal through the imagination to
some emotion. Tears are the
natural outlet of emotional tension.
They are the result of a storm in
the central nervous system, giving
rise to changes in the vascular
terminals of the tear-secreting
glands. These changes induce
profuse excretion of water, and
weeping results. In a mild degree
some excretion is always in pro-
cess, to bathe the eye and clear it
of foreign matter. The controlling
center is at a distance, though the
secretion may be kept up by the
small trace of saline substance that
is present in the tears themselves.
The lachrymal glands lie between
the nervous center and the mu-
cous surface of the eyeball.
Tears afford a good illustration of
the way in which nervous fibers
are capable of conveying to a se-
creting organ exciting impulses
from both sides of a gland lying
in their course. Affluent and
effluent communications bring
about a similar result. Internal
nervous vibrations and external
communications bring about a
similar result. Internal nervous
vibrations and external excitation
or reflex action cause a flow of
tears. In both instances the ex-
citing impulse is a vibration.
Niobe, "all tears," and the unfor-
tunate pedestrian with a minute
particle of steel from the rail of an
elevated road in his eye, are un-
willing exponents of a similar pro-
cess. They weep the same kind of
briny fluid, in exactly the same
way, though from widely different
causes. Imagination is at times
sufficient to excite the nervous
system into the production of tears,
without external aid or reflex.
Writers and readers of good fiction
weep over it alike, and the actor
loses himself so entirely in the ex-
periences of dramatic art that he
sheds real tears and the audience
shed tears with him. Of a truth,
the man who never weeps has a
hard heart, and the quality of his
intellect